The University of Alberta Department of Music

presents

DIANE NELSEN, soprano

RONALD NELSEN, baritone

ALEXANDRA MUNN, pianist

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1987

8:00 P.M.

Convocation Hall, Old Arts BuildingC

PROGRAMME

From Pagliacci: — Ruggiero Leoncavallo (1858-1919)
Duet with Silvio and Nedda

From Italienisches Liederbuch: — Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken
Mir ward gesagt, du reisest in die Ferne
Wer rief dich denn?
Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen
Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen
Nein, junger Herr, so treibt man's nicht, fürwahr
Mein Liebster ist so klein
Ihr jungen Leute, die ihr zieht ins Feld
Schweig' einmal still, du garst'ger Schwätzer dort!
Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf

Diane Nelsen

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (Paul Morand) — Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Chanson romanesque
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire

Ronald Nelsen

Two Scottish Duets — arr. A. Moffat/A. M. Munn
My Love is like a red, red rose (Robert Burns)
The Keel Row (Tyneside Song)

INTERMISSION

From Rigoletto: — Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Recitative and Duet
Tutte le feste al tempio

Ständchen (Schwanengesang) — Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Sérénade de Don Juan — Piotr Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Ständchen - Op. 17 No. 2 — Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Ronald Nelsen

Two Songs for Soprano and Piano (1978) — Violet Archer (b. 1913)
I Sea Mood
II Summer Haiku — (Words by Mary Longworth)

Duex Poèmes — Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
"C"
Fêtes Galantes

Diane Nelsen

From Robert and Elizabeth: — Music by Ron Grainer
(based on "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" by Rudolph Besier) — Book and Lyrics by Ronald Millar
In a simple way
I know now

Diane and Ronald Nelsen

TRANSLATIONS

From Italienisches Liederbuch — Hugo Wolf

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken

Even small things may delight us,
even small things may be precious.
Think how gladly we deck ourselves in pearls;
for much they are sold, and are only small.
Think how small the olive is,
and yet it is sought for its virtue.
Think only of the rose, how small it is,
yet smells so sweet, as you know.

Mir ward gesagt, du reisest in die Ferne

I was told you were going far away.
Oh, where are you going, my dearest love?
The day you leave, I would gladly know;
my tears will be your escort.
With tears will I bedew your path -
Think of me, and hope will shine on me!
Through tears will I be with you everywhere -
Think of me, do not forget, my love!

Wer rief dich denn?

Who called you? Who asked you here?
Who told you to come if you find it such a burden?
Go to the sweetheart you like better,
go where your thoughts are,
go to her you dream and think of!
Please don't come here for my sake!
Go to the sweetheart you like better!
Who called you? Who asked you to come?

Du denskt mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen

You think you can catch me with a thread,
making me love you by just looking at me?
I have caught others whose minds flew higher.
Do not trust me when you see me laugh!
I have caught others, just you believe me.
I am in love - but not with you.

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen

How long I have yearned
to have a musician for my lover!
Now the Lord has granted my wish
and sent me one, all pink and white.
Here he comes with gentle mien,
bows his head and plays the violin.

Nein, junger Herr

Oh no, young sir, this just won't do;
you will have to behave better than that.
You think me good enough for a workaday sweetheart,
But on holidays you look for something better. [do you?]
Oh no, young sir; if you carry on like that
your workaday sweetheart will give you notice.

Mein Liebster ist so klein

My sweetheart is so small, that without bending down
he sweeps the floor with his curls.
When he went into the garden to pick jasmine
a snail frightened him.
Then he sat down in the house to catch his breath,
and a fly knocked him over;
and when he stepped over to my window,
a gad-fly knocked in his skull.
A curse on all flies, daddy-long-legs, and gad-flies,
and on all who have a sweetheart from Maremma!
A curse on all flies, daddy-long-legs, and midges,
and on all who have to stoop so low for a kiss!

Ihr jungen Leute, die ihr zieht ins Feld

You young men going off to war -
take care of my sweetheart!
See that he is brave under fire;
he has never seen battle before.
Don't let him sleep in the open;
he is so delicate, and might take harm.
Don't let him sleep out of doors -
it would be the end of him, he's not used to it.

Schweig' einmal still, du garst'ger Schwätzer dort!

Do be quiet you wretched chatterer;
I am sick of your cursed singing.
Even if you went on till tomorrow morning
you would not produce one decent song.
Be quiet and go to bed!
I would rather be serenaded by a donkey.

Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf

When you go up to heaven, my love,
I shall meet you, bearing my heart in my hand.
Then you will embrace me lovingly
and we shall throw ourselves at the Lord's feet.
And if the Lord sees the anguish of our love,
He will make one heart of our two loving hearts.
He will join two hearts into one
in Paradise, amid the radiance of Heaven.

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée — Maurice Ravel

Chanson romanesque (Romanesque Song)

Were you to tell me that the earth
offended you with so much turning,
speedily I would dispatch Panza:
you should see it motionless and silent.

Were you to tell me that you are weary
of the sky too much adorned with stars,
destroying the divine order,
with one blow I would sweep them from the night
Were you to tell me that space
thus made empty does not please you,
god-like Knight, lance in hand,
I would stud the passing wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
belongs more to myself than to you, my Lady,
and I would die, blessing you.

Chanson épique (Epic Song)

Good Saint Michael who gives me liberty
to see my lady and to hear her,
good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
to please her and to defend her,
good Saint Michael, I pray you descend
with Saint George upon the altar
of the Madonna of the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven bless my sword
and its equal in purity
and its equal in piety
as in modesty and chastity: my Lady.

(O great Saint George and Saint Michael)
the angel who watches over my vigil,
my gentle Lady so much resembling
you, Madonna of the blue mantle! Amen.

Chanson à boire (Drinking Song)

A fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady,
who to shame me in your sweet eyes,
says that love and old wind
will bring misery to my heart, my soul.

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
to which I go straight...
when I am drunk!

A fig for the jealous fool, dark-haired mistress,
who whines, who weeps and vows

ever to be this pallid lover
who waters the wine of his intoxication!
I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
to which I go straight...
when I am drunk!

Ständchen (Schwanengesang) **Franz Schubert**

Softly through the night my songs implore you,
Come down into the still grove with me, beloved;

Slender treetops rustle and whisper in
the moonlight,

Fear not, sweet one, the betrayer's
malicious eavesdropping.

Do you hear the nightingales calling? Ah!
they are imploring you,
With the sweet music of their notes they
implore you for me.
They understand the bosom's yearning,
they know the pangs of love,
They can touch every tender heart with
their silvery tones.

Let them move your heart also; beloved, hear me!

Trembling, I wait for you; come, give me bliss!

Ständchen Op. 17, No.2 — Richard Strauss

Open very quietly, my child,
Awake no one from his slumber,
The brook hardly murmurs; there scarcely flutters the wind
A leaf, in the bushes or hedges,
Quietly, therefore, my sweet, so that nothing is stirred,
Quietly, lay your hand on the door knob.
With steps as gentle as those of elves
About to hop o'er the flowers,
Slip out quietly into the moonlit night,
And fly to me in the garden.
The flowers slumber about the rippling brook
And exhale fragrances in their sleep; only love is awake.
Sit down, here the shadows grow mysteriously dark
Under the linden trees;
The nightingale above our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the rose, upon awakening in the morning,
Shall glow with the rapture of the night.

Duex Poèmes — Francis Poulenc

"C"

I have crossed the bridges at Cé.
There it was that all began
a song of bygone times
speaks of a wounded knight
of a rose on the embankment,
and of an unlaced bodice,
of the castle of a mad duke,
and of swans in the moats.
Of the meadow where lately
an eternal fianceé danced.
And I have drunk like freezing milk
the long song of false glories.
The Loire carries off my thoughts with
the overturned vehicles
And the dismantled weapons
and the ill-concealed tears.
O my France, o my abandoned France
I have crossed the bridges at Cé.